

# GRUNT

2



SNORT!

WITH  
JUMPIN' JACK  
FLESH











HOTCHA HOTCHA  
DIG IT, HEADS, DIS IZ  
EDDY GRIT SPINNIN'  
TH' TOP 20 EVERY  
30 SECONDS AT TH'  
SPEED OF SOUND!

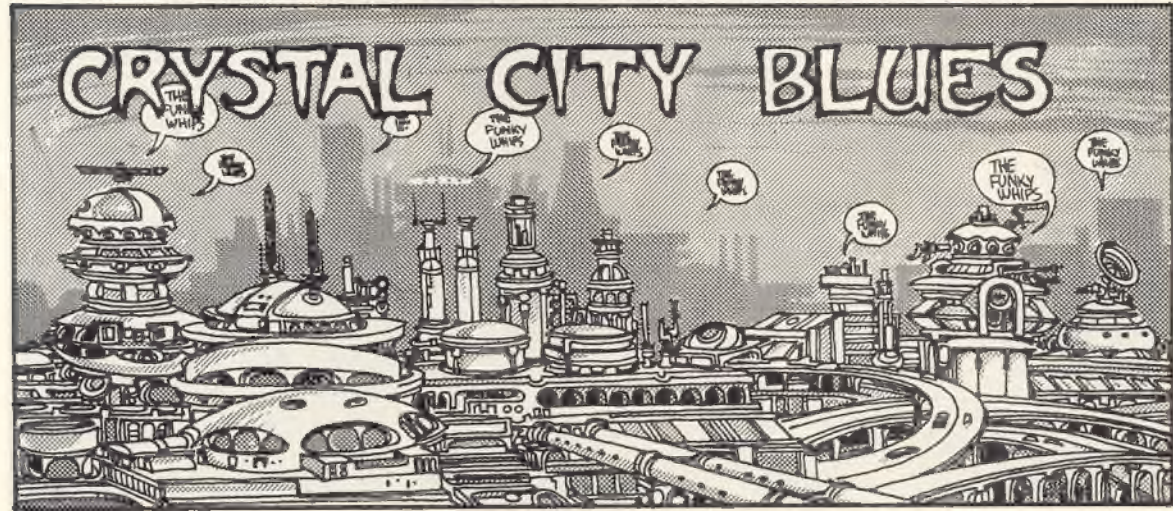
THIS CAT'S NAME IS ROLLO... ROLLO TURPENTINE. HE WAS BORN  
IN A VACUUM FLASK ON SEPTEMBER 26, 2988 IN AN ELECTRON-  
ICS LABORATORY IN CRYSTAL CITY, U.S.A.



ROLLO HAS NEVER LEFT THAT LABORATORY. HE AN' ABOUT THIRTY  
OTHER CREEPS AND CHICKS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR MAKING THOSE  
FAR OUT TV HEADSETS THAT EVERYBODY WEARS IN CRYSTAL CITY...



THE WORK IS EASY—NO THINK. YOU PLUG IN AT ONE A.M. TO GROOVY  
HEADFOOD SOUNDS AND MOVIES AND YOU UNPLUG 23 1/2 HOURS LATER FOR  
A QUICK SHOWER — IN BETWEEN THERE'S LOTS OF LAFFS...

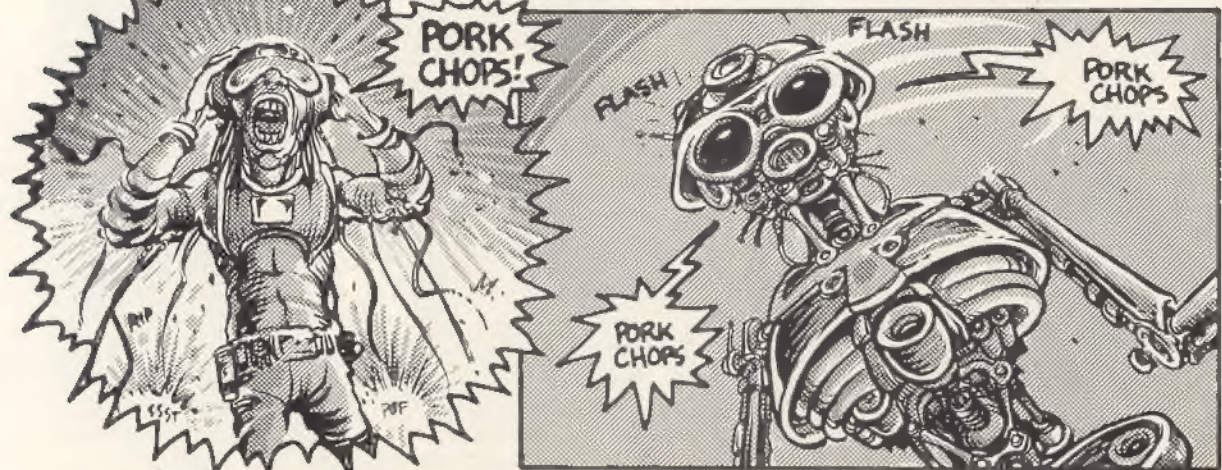




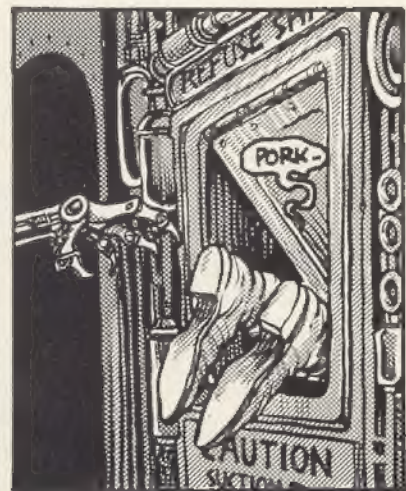
... SPEED INJECTIONS EVERY HOUR, SEX BREAKS EVERY TWO HOURS,  
ELECTRONIC RELAXORS THAT GIVE YOU EIGHT HOURS OF SLEEP IN TEN  
MINUTES ... 26 YEARS OF THIS GOOD LIVIN' AN' YOU BURN OUT LIKE  
AN OLD MICROWAVE BATTERY...



EVERY DAY YOU SEE A CREEP OR TWO POP THEIR BULBS ... IT'S THE END OF  
THE RIDE FOR THEM ... THEIR WORK IS DONE!

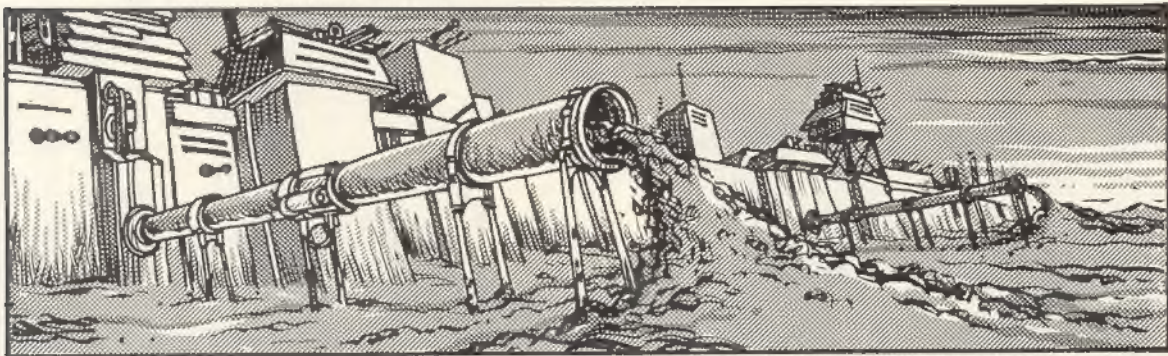


THE MAN COMES PRETTY FAST TO PULL 'EM OFF THE LINE AND PLUG  
A FRESH YOUNG DUDE INTO THAT ELECTRONIC DREAM..





AN' THE BURNED OUT CREEP, HE'S TOSSED ON THE SLAG HEAP  
OF ROTTEN CORPSES AND GARBAGE THAT RINGS THE BEAUTIFUL  
SHINING CITY...



.. A NO-MAN'S LAND, A THOUSAND MILES OF REFUSE SWEEPED  
BY DEADLY LASER BEAMS, PATROLED BY ROBOT DRONES  
AND ANDROID SENTRIES...



.. NO CREEP WHO WAS USED UP AND EJECTED FROM CRYSTAL CITY EVER  
LIVED TO MAKE HIS WAY OUTA THAT WASTELAND TO THE WEIRD OUT-  
SIDE WORLD.. NOBODY, THAT IS, BUT A CAT NAMED ROLLO TURPENTINE.





- FLASH TO THE OUTER EDGE OF THE WASTELAND, WHERE THE OUTCASTS AND MISFITS SCRAPE A MEAGER EXISTENCE OUT OF THE TIRED SOIL..

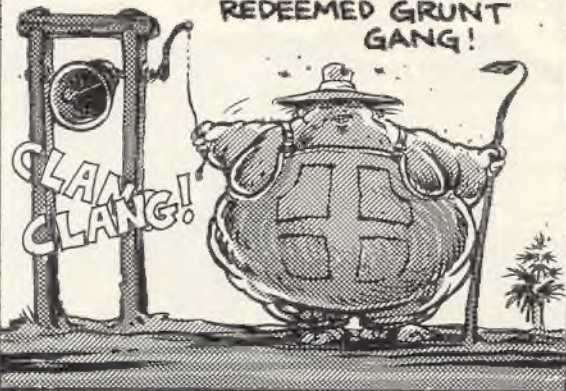


- FLASH TO THE GRUNT FARM, WHERE SOCIETY'S REJECTS CLING TOGETHER FOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE HARSH NECESSITIES OF LIFE.





-FLASH TO JUMPIN' JACK FLESH,  
SAVANT AND GURU OF THE STILL UN-  
REDEEMED GRUNT GANG!



SOOOO-EEE! HOG  
WALLER TIME!



ALL IS ONE  
IN THE COSMIC  
SLOP! (CHAP. 4)  
V.26

HEY JACK-  
DIG!



OUT OF THE DANK MISTS  
THAT SHROUD THE GRIM  
WASTELAND A FIGURE  
COMES...

CROAK!



HEY HEY! WELCOME  
TO THE GRUNT FARM  
BROTHER!





LATER

BROTHER ROLLO, THE GRUNT FARMERS HAVE PREPARED THIS LITTLE REPAST IN YOUR HONOR - YOU'RE THE FIRST DUDE TO ESCAPE FROM CRYSTAL CITY IN 20 YEARS!

GOSH..



GEE, MR. FLESH, BACK IN THE CITY THEY TOLD US YOU PEOPLE WERE CRAZY AND FULL OF DESEASE!

HAW HAW



THE ONLY THING WE'RE CRAZY ABOUT IS HOME COOKIN' - AN' IT'S TIME TO COOK! READY, GANG?

DIG IT, JACK!



FAR INTO THE NIGHT THE GRUNTERS WHOOP IT UP, AND ROLLO, WHO'S BEEN FED ON CRAP-ROCK SINCE HE WAS A BABY, GETS HIS FIRST TASTE OF ASS-KICKIN' HOME FRIED WOOGIE!





DAWN FINDS OUR BOY DEEP IN ORGANIC SLUMBER - HE IS VISITED BY DREAM VISIONS OF HIS PAST LIFE, NIGHTMARES OF BLEAK OPPRESSION AND SPEED CRAZED PARANOIA...

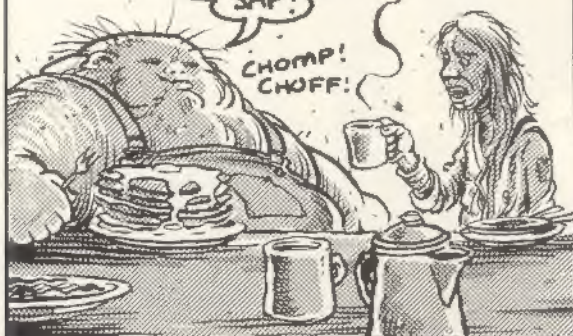


BREAKFAST:

YA KNOW, JACK, I NEVER THOUGHT THERE WAS ANYTHING TO LIFE 'CEPT WORKIN' IN CRYSTAL CITY!

YOU POOR SAP!

CHOMP!  
CHOFF!



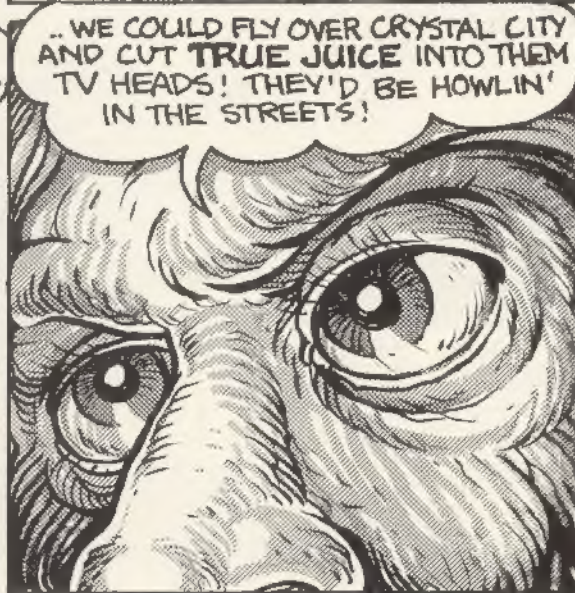
YOU FOLKS GOT THE BOOGIE TA LIBERATE THE SPEED CITY CREEPOS. I GOT TH' ELECTRONIC CHOPS TO BUILD US A PIRATE RADIO STATION!



JUST THINK OF ALL THOSE SAD DUDES BACK THERE, STILL PLUGGED INTO THAT JIVIN' SHIT! BURNIN' BURNIN' BURNIN'... WE GOTTA HELP 'EM, JACK!



.. WE COULD FLY OVER CRYSTAL CITY AND CUT TRUE JUICE INTO THEM TV HEADS! THEY'D BE HOWLIN' IN THE STREETS!

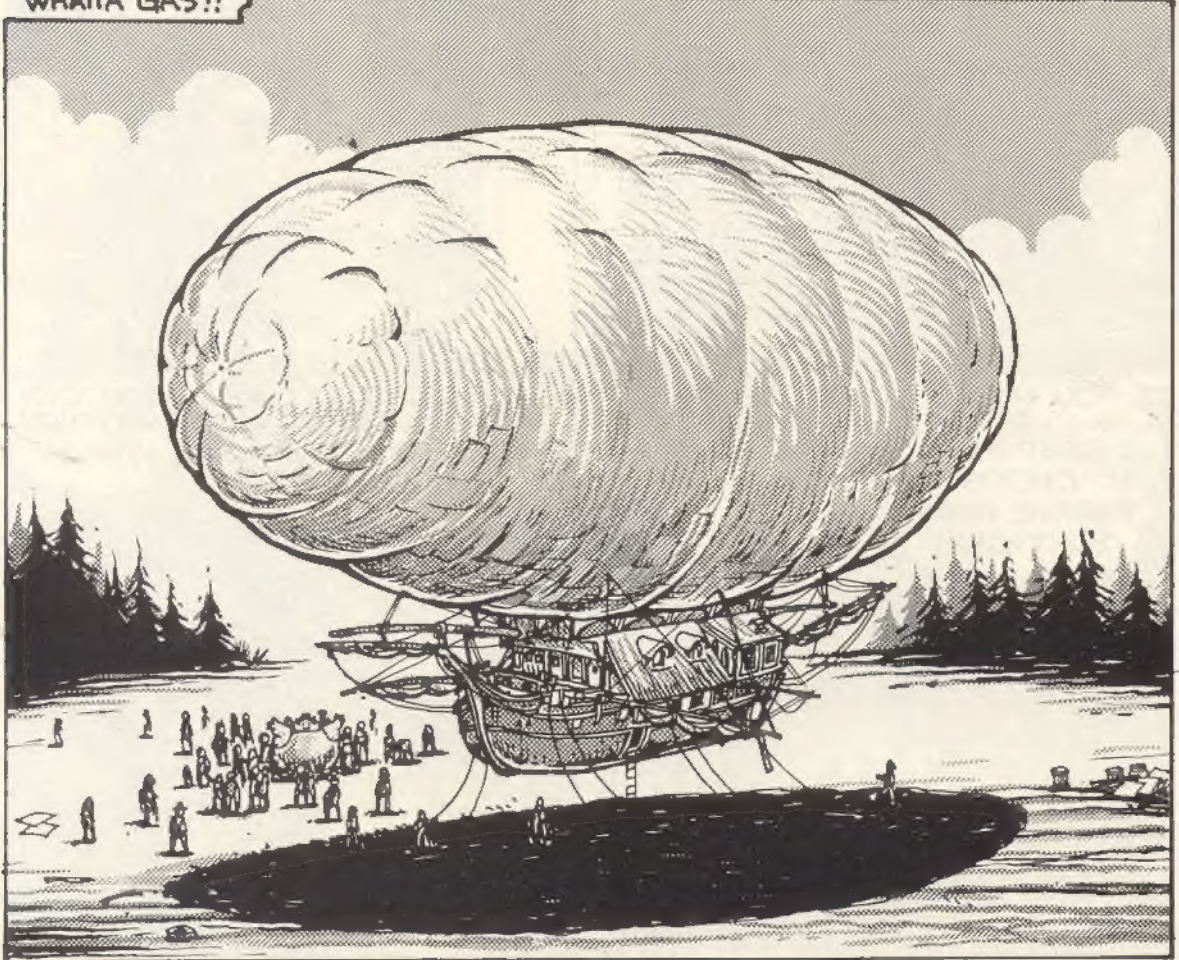




"I'M WITH YA!" SAYS JACK .. "I'LL GET THE GANG TOGETHER ... MAYBE WE CAN MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF OLD NEWSPAPERS AND BALING WIRE ..."



SO WHILE ROLLO WORKS DAY AND NIGHT CONVERTING SOME RUSTY JAP RADIOS INTO A POWERFUL TRANSMITTER, THE GRUNT FARMERS THROW TOGETHER A SHIP THAT WILL CARRY THEM TO CRYSTAL CITY. WHATTA GAS!!





HI! THIS IS VER OLD BLUBBER BUDDY,  
JUMPIN' JACK FLESH! TH' GRUNT GANG HAS PUT TOGETHER  
SOME SOUNDS FOR EASY LISTENIN' WHILE TH' WORLD  
BURNS! FOR STARTERS WE GOT PAPA JOHN AND  
HIS OCCULT SYCHROMESH STRADAVARIUS!

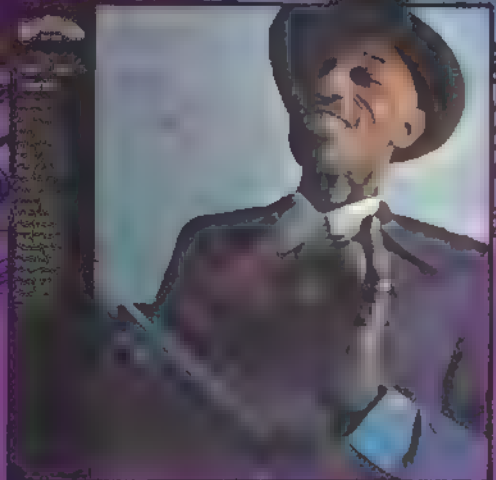


PAPA JOHN CREACH



FILTHY

FTR 1009



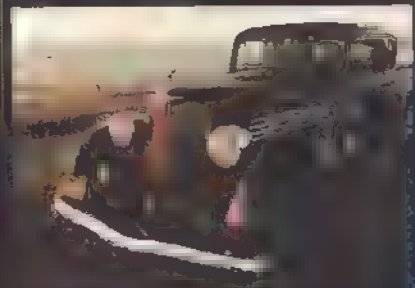
FTR 1003



... FOR THE NEXT COURSE WHY DONCHA STEP INTO  
THE **GRUNT** KITCHEN AN' I'LL DROP A SLICE OF THIS  
**HOT TUNA** ALBUM ONTA YER BURGER  
BUN!

CHOFF  
SLUG BUTTER  
FAT MAN!

**BURGERS  
HOT TUNA**



FTR 1004

GRACE AND PAUL'S  
**SUNFIGHTER**  
IS GUARANTEED TO CURE  
A DESEASE AND SET  
FIRE TO YER EARMUFFS!

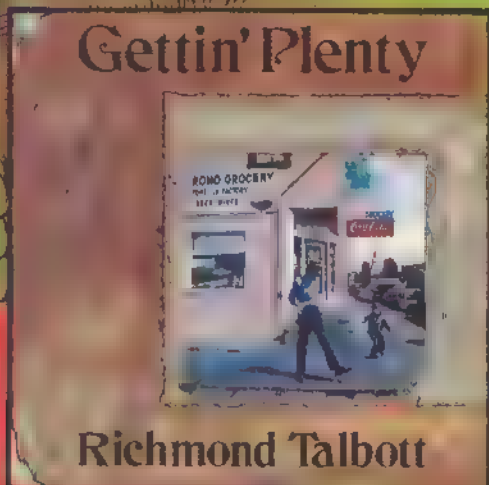
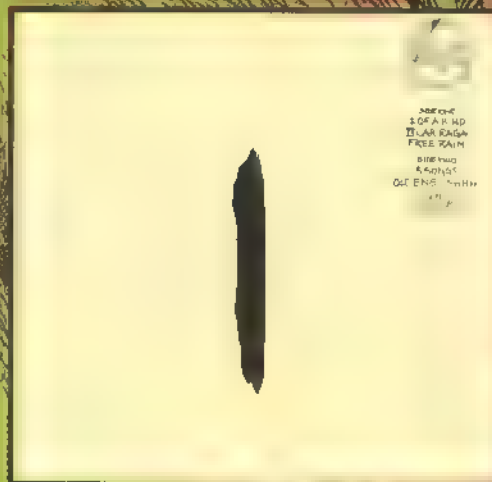


FTR 1002



# FOUR NEW MONSTERS FROM GRUBBY

SSHPPFUG MO FNUD BEEF! CLUSSHT PRUF NIZ DA **BLACK KANGAROO!** SSSNOOL PON **ONE**, HUH POPS?! KRUN KRUN MITFALLA **RICHMOND TALBOTT!** EEK NOS DI FOT, **JACK BONUS**, YA DIG?!? SPA FON!!

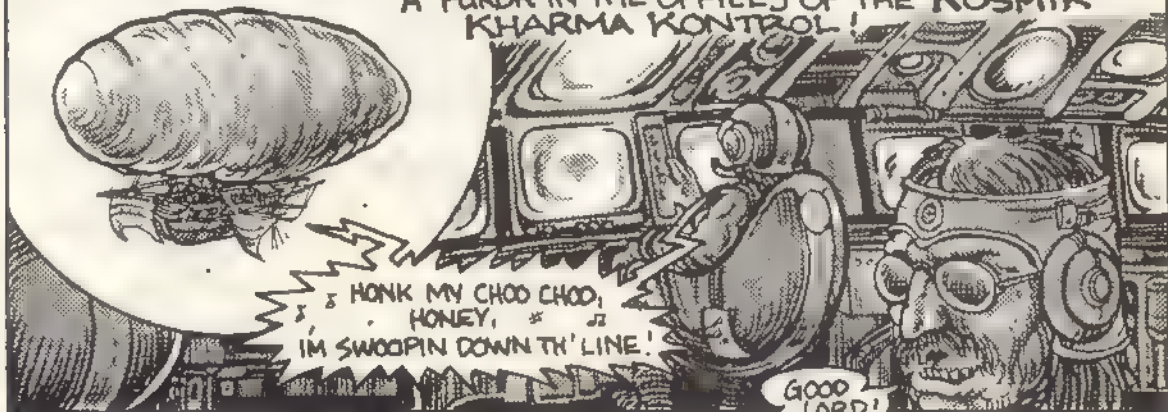


Richmond Talbott

JACK BONUS



THE GOOD SHIP GRUNT IS AIRBORNE AND CIRCLING HIGH OVER CRYSTAL CITY. THEIR WACKYDOODLE LIVE TRANSMISSION IS ALREADY CAUSING A FUROR IN THE OFFICES OF THE KOSMIK KHARMA KONTROL!



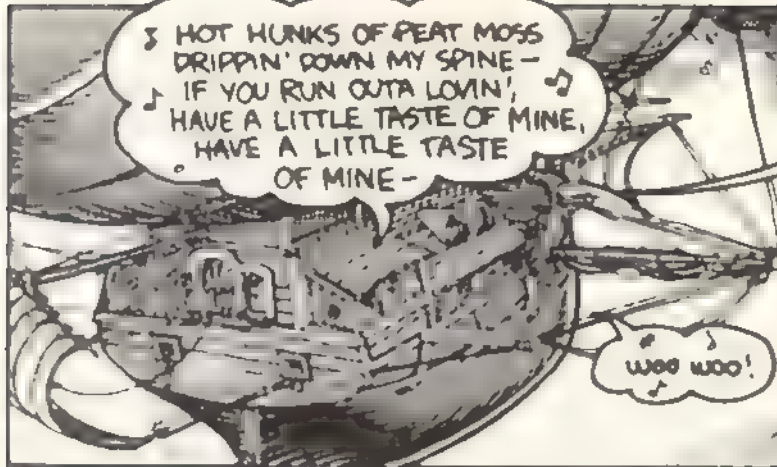
MEET J. FUCKFACE LONGHAIR, HIP COMMISAR OF CRYSTAL CITY—



"...OUR MILITARY UNITS ARE FREAKING IN THE STREETS! THIS LOATHSOME MUSIC SEEMS TO HAVE UPSET THEIR DELICATE EQUILIBRIUM!"



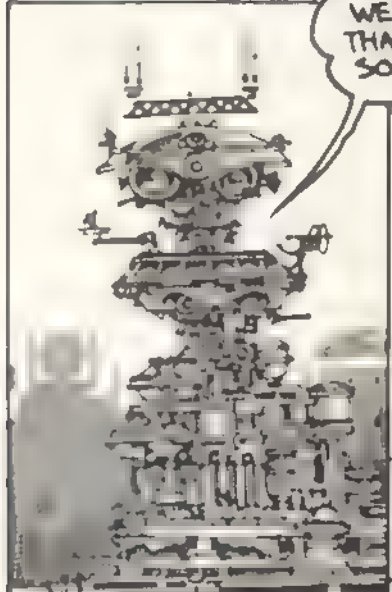




3 HOT HUNKS OF PEAT MOSS  
DRIPPIN' DOWN MY SPINE -  
IF YOU RUN OUTA LOVIN',  
HAVE A LITTLE TASTE OF MINE,  
HAVE A LITTLE TASTE  
OF MINE -


DIG, JACK! FIRES ALL  
OVER THE CITY! WE  
MUS' BE GETTIN'  
THROUGH!

WOO WOO!



WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! I KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT  
THAT GRUNT GANG - THEIR LEADER IS A FAT  
SONOFABITCH NAMED JUMPIN JACK FLESH! HE HAS  
THOSE HIPPIE RETARDS WRAPPED AROUND  
HIS LITTLE FINGER!

JOCKO! BRING  
ME OPERATIVES  
SLADE AND  
TASTY!



THAT FAT BASTARD HAS TWO WEAKNESSES - FOOD AND  
WOMEN! WE'RE GONNA PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY REAL  
FRONTO AN' WE'RE GONNA CAPTURE THAT  
RADIO STATION  
TOO, DIG?



THE CREEPS AN' CHICKS WANT JUGHEAD MUSIC, THEY CAN HAVE IT-  
BUT NOT WITHOUT OUR SECRET INGREDIENT!

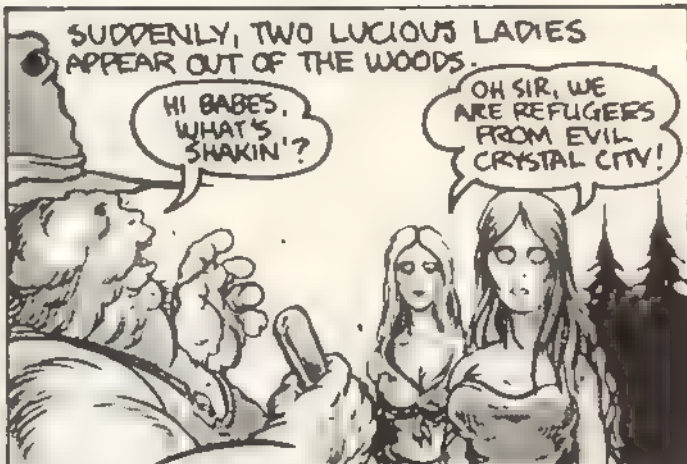
BACK ON THE GRUNT FARM.  
JACK'S HOEING HIS BRUSSEL  
SPROUTS...



SUDDENLY, TWO LUCIOUS LADIES  
APPEAR OUT OF THE WOODS.

HI BABES,  
WHAT'S  
SHAKIN'?

OH SIR, WE  
ARE REFUGEES  
FROM EVIL  
CRYSTAL CITY!



YOUR MUSIC LIBERATED  
OUR SOULS...

.. AND WE HAVE COME  
TO JOIN THE  
GRUNT  
FARM!

WELL...UH..  
..ER..  
SURE!

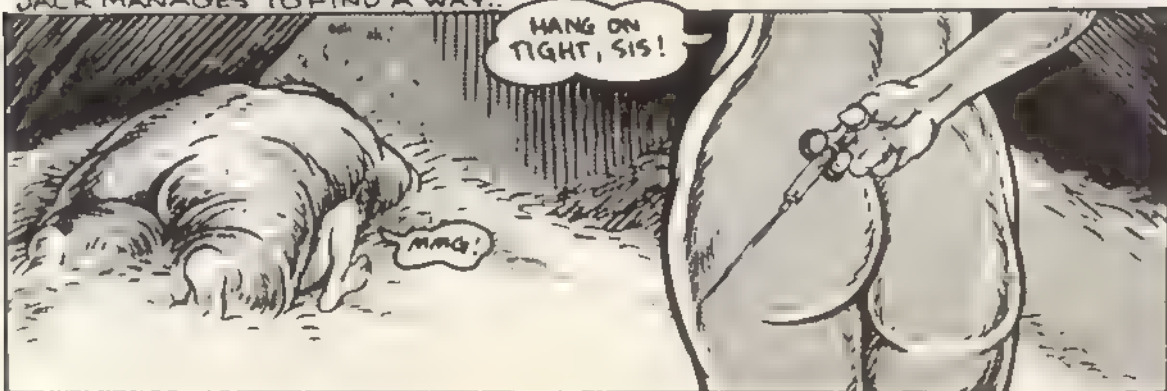


HOW CAN WE EVER  
THANK YOU?

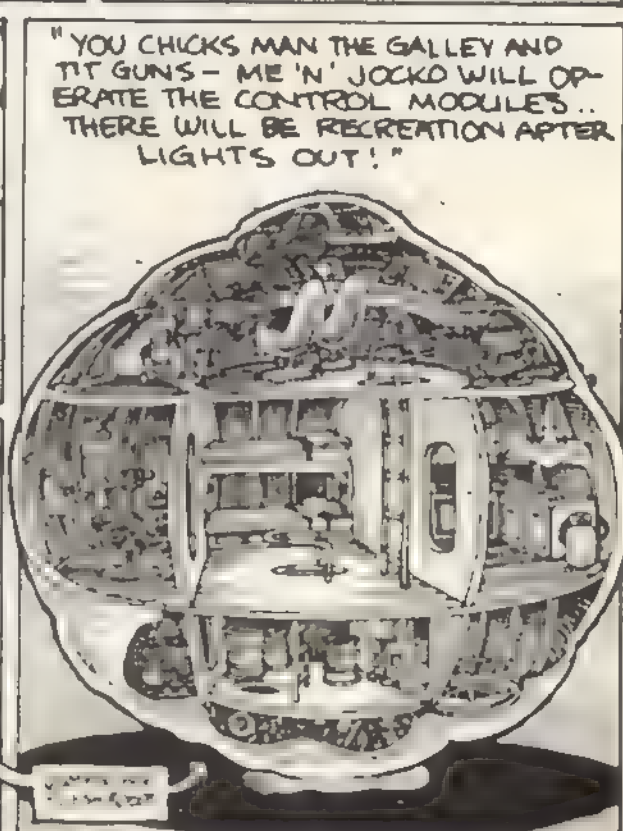
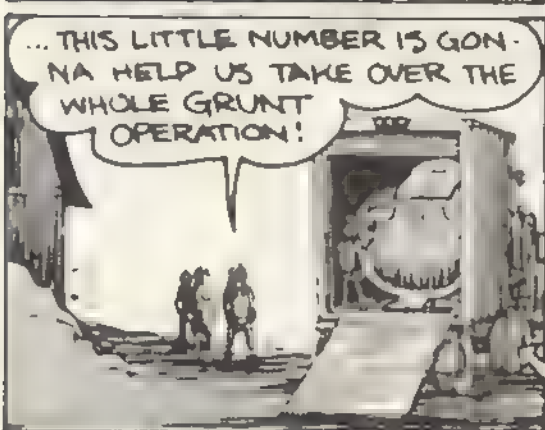
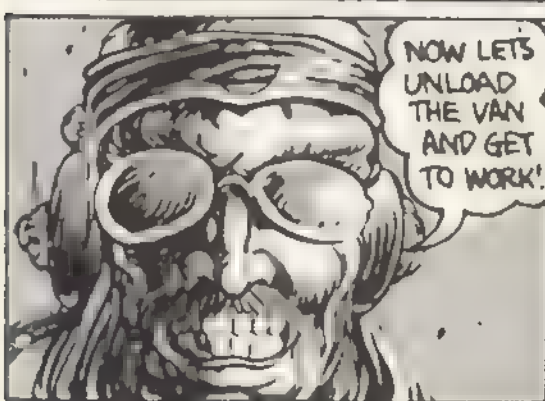


JACK MANAGES TO FIND A WAY...

HANG ON  
TIGHT, SIS!

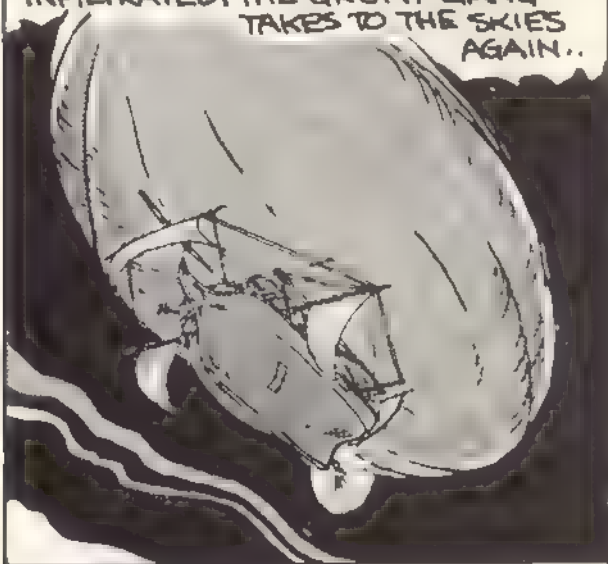




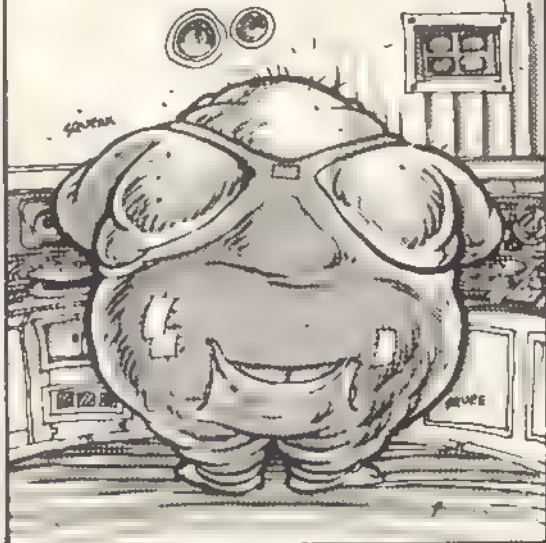




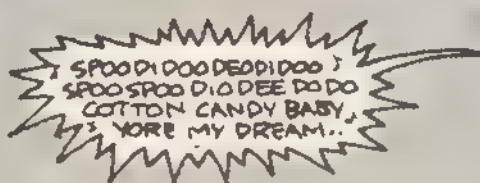
SO - NOT SUSPECTING THEY HAVE BEEN INFILTRATED, THE GRUNT GANG TAKES TO THE SKIES AGAIN..



.. ON THE ENGINEER'S DECK, "JACK FLESH" MANS THE BIG TRANSMITTER.



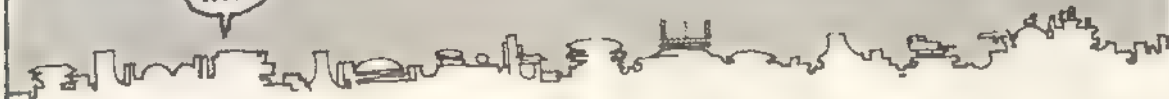
THE PIRATE STATION SOARS OUT OVER CRYSTAL CITY, WHILE THE GRUNTERS GIT IT ON WITH THAT OLD SUBVERSIVE BOOGIE !



SPOODI DOO DEEDI DOO  
SPOODI DOO DEE DO DO  
COTTON CANDY BABY  
YORE MY DREAM..



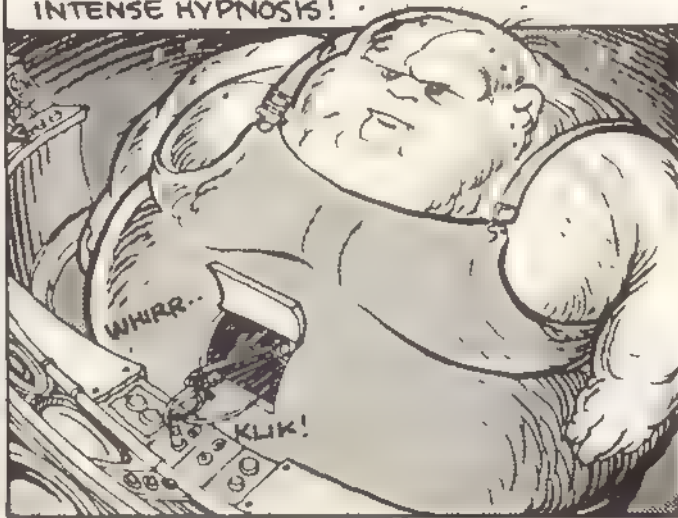
WOO!



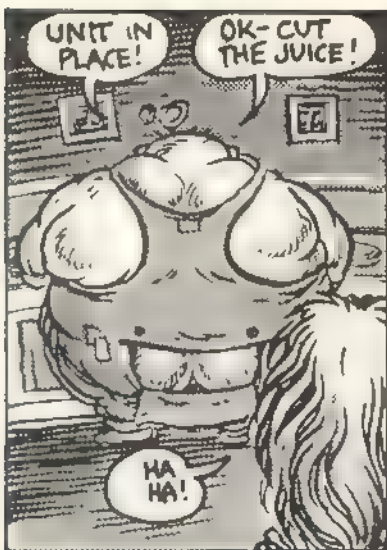
O.K. - LET'S SOCK THE MODULATOR INTO PLACE AN' BURN THOSE CREEPS AN' CHICKS BACK INTO SUB-MISSION!



J. FUCKFACE LONGHAIR'S "SECRET INGREDIENT" : AN ALPHA FEEDWAVE THAT KEEPS ALL OF CRYSTAL CITY UNDER INTENSE HYPNOSIS!



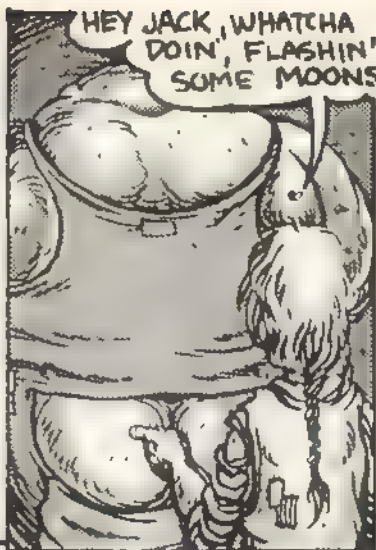




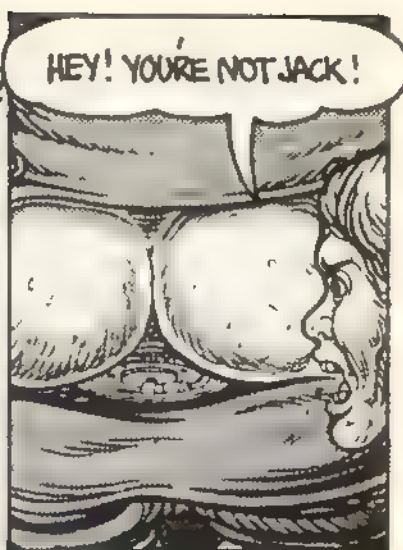
UNIT IN PLACE!

OK-CUT THE JUICE!

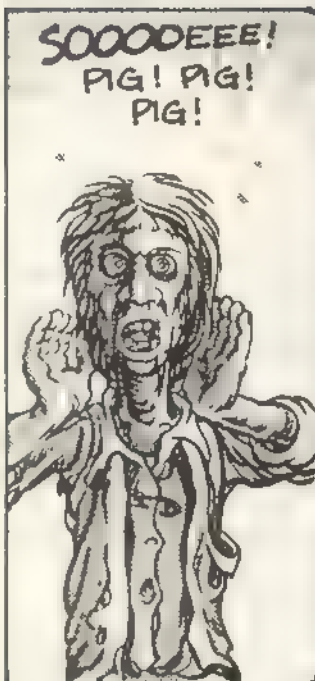
HA HA!



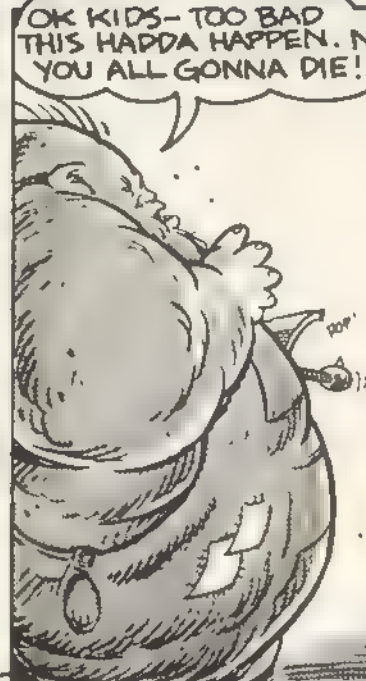
HEY JACK, WHATCHA DOIN', FLASHIN' SOME MOONS!



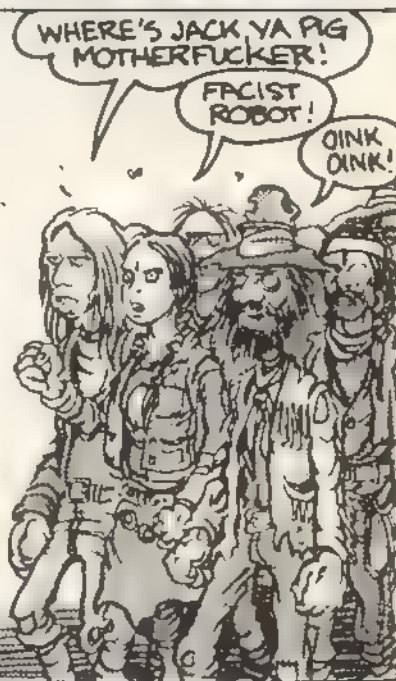
HEY! YOU'RE NOT JACK!



SOOOOEEEE!  
PIG! PIG!  
PIG!



OK KIDS- TOO BAD THIS HAPPA HAPPEN. NOW YOU ALL GONNA DIE!



WHERE'S JACK YA PIG MOTHERFUCKER!

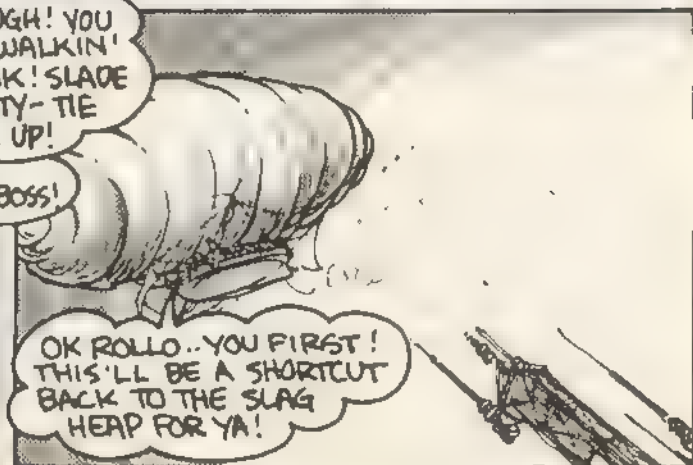
FACIST ROBOT!

OINK OINK!



THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU CLODS ARE WALKIN' THE PLANK! SLADE AND TASTY-TIE 'EM UP!

YES, BOSS!



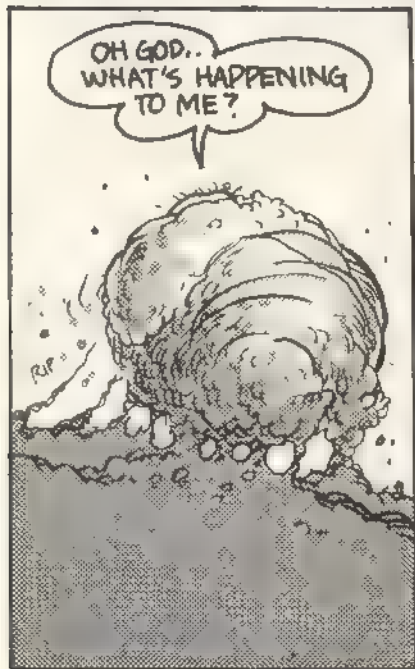
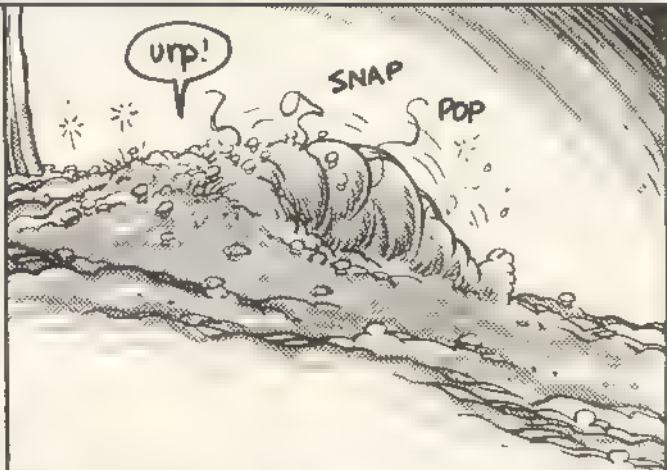
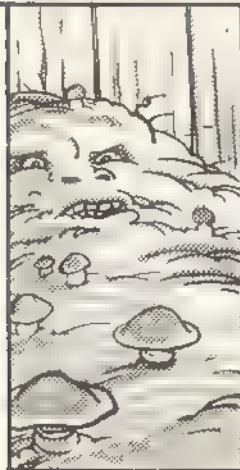
OK ROLLO..YOU FIRST! THIS'LL BE A SHORTCUT BACK TO THE SLAG HEAP FOR YA!



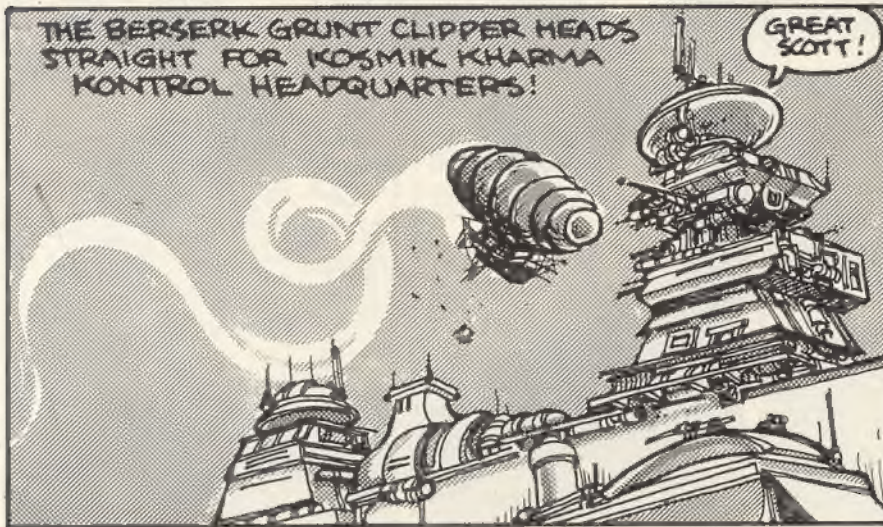
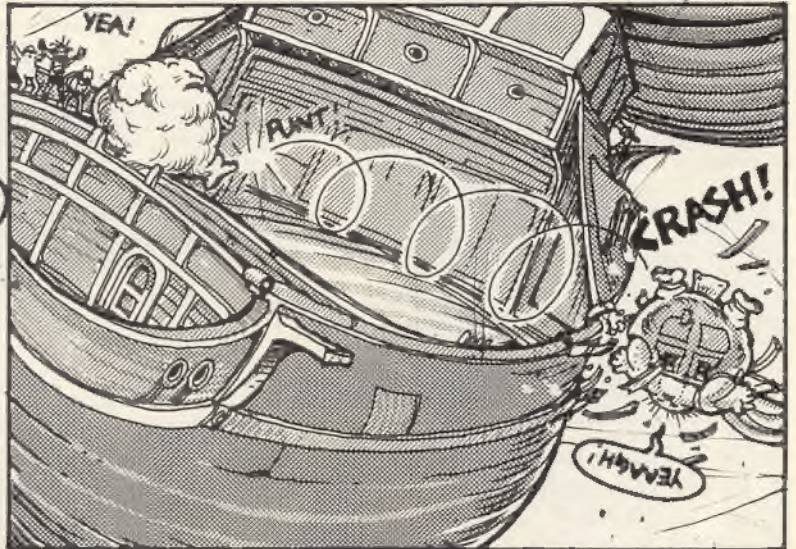
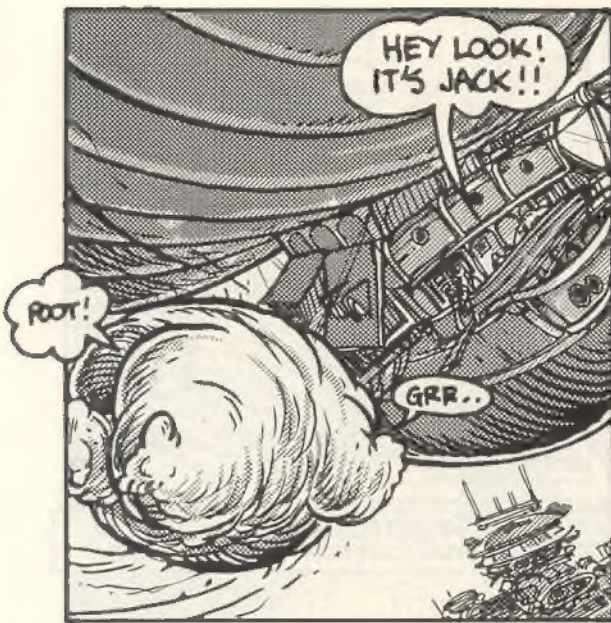
MEANWHILE...



SEEMS TH' GRUNT FARM PIGS'VE BEEN ROOTIN' IN RADIOACTIVE SLAG - NOW SOME WEIRD MUTATED MUSHROOMS ARE GROWING ALL OVER THE SHITPILE!









-AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND...



DIG! THE WHOLE SHITHOUSE IS GOIN' UP IN CHUNKS!



FAR OUT!

OH WOW!

FONK!

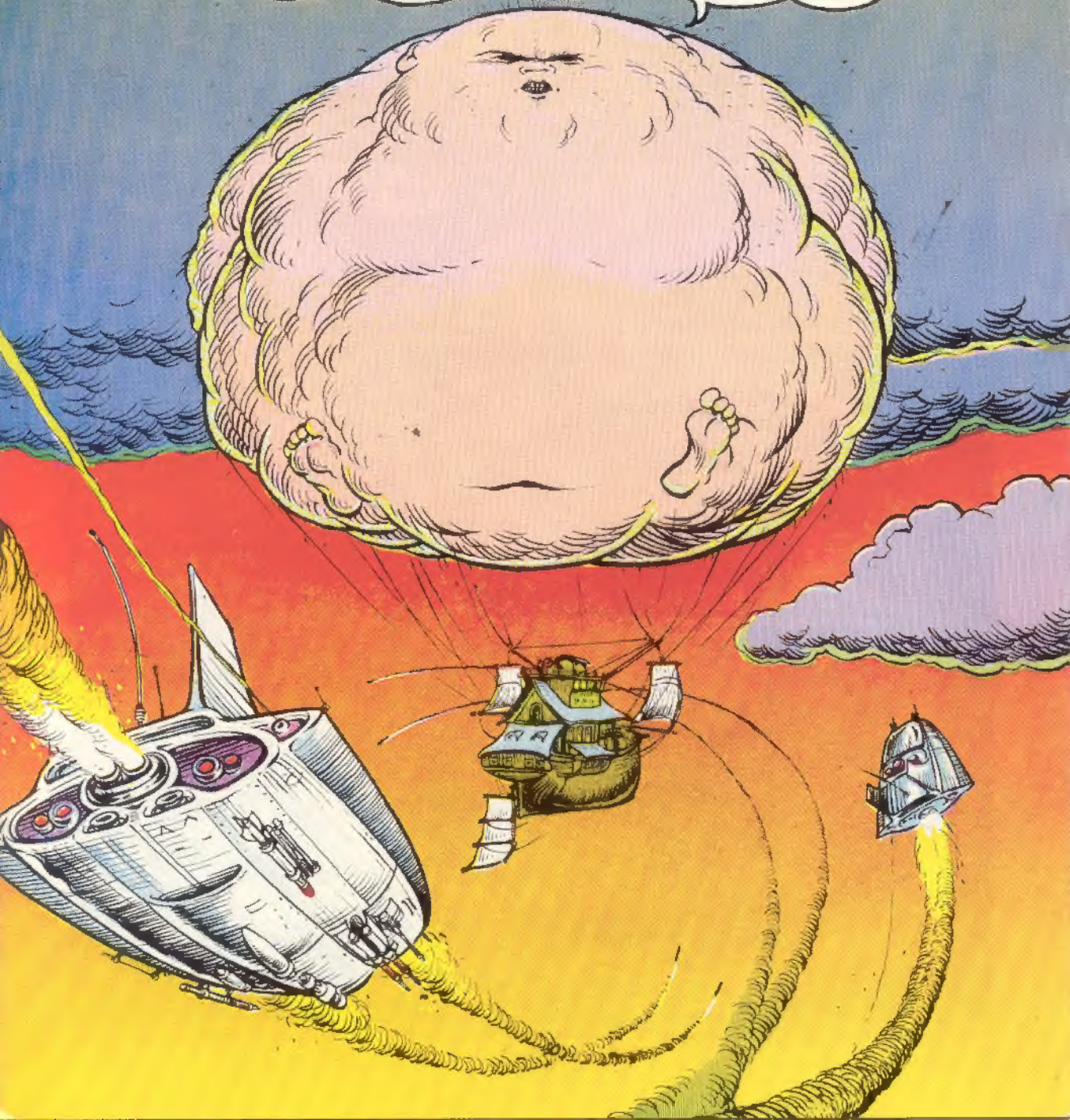
GEE JACK, WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE DUDES WHO WENT UP WITH CRYSTAL CITY??

MA GRUNT 'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM ROLLO! IN THE VAST SCHEME OF EXISTENCE, CRYSTAL CITY WAS BUT A TINY BLEMISH ON HER EVERLASTING AND ALL NOURISHING TITTIES!!

OM!



WHEW! THAT STORY WAS ONTOLOGICALLY  
HEAVY! YUK YUK! WE HOPE YUZ ENJOYED DIS  
BIG GRUNT COMIC- KEEP YER EYES ON TH' GRUNT  
SKIES FER TH' NEXT ONE - AN KEEP AN EAR  
OUTSIDE FOR OUR NEXT BUNCH OF GOOD KHARMA  
MUSIC, INCLUDING A SOLO ALBUM BY GRACE SLICK,  
JORMA KAUKONEN AND TOM HOBSON'S ACOUSTIC ALBUM,  
JOEY COVINGTON AND HIS PALS, AND JACK TRAYLOR  
AND STEEL WIND!







**Sir Real's**

**UNDERGROUND  
COMIX CLASSIX**

## **Grunt Comix #2**

**Published 1973**

**1st edition**

**Grunt Records**

**\$free**

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**ISBN:**

### **Stories:**

- 2 - Jefferson Airplane "Long John Silver"
- 3 - Crystal City Blues
- 11 - Papa John Creach
- 12 - Burgers "Hot Tuna"
- 13 - Sunfighter
- 14 - Black Kangaroo, One, Richmond Talbott,  
Jack Bonus
- 15 - Crystal City Blues, Part 2

### **Artists:**

Greg Irons - 1-24(a)  
Tom Veitch - 1-24(s)

### **Comments:**

A promotional comix for records by Grunt Records.